



Bones
journal for the short verse

no. 26
October 2023

unique until i found the past in birdsong

a p hywel

coast a choir of cold gulls

the low hum
of a wild strawberry
flight path

the forest is just as guilty as we are

the promise he almost makes a megachurch

rattlesnake eyes i bite into the orange

the last handful of her sunlit turtle

still not saying their names carpet patterns

a semitone sharp
and still you say don't sweat
the small stuff

an elephant's hand
I still care
threadbare bear

Please insert coins

There is a telephone box in my head. I am speaking
to someone I've lost.

today
the girl at the window
(1645)

after summer

as mom allows the pork and meatballs to marinate in tomato sauce.
autumn takes the last pink phlox. from her garden. while a wasp carries
a grasshopper. to its hive.

*hand-painted
within an oyster shell
moon jellyfish*

siblings

for my brothers nick and daniel

buttercups. their buds wide open. looking up. to dandelions. bare. and
their seeds. drifting away. by may winds. wishing they could be. as tall.
and fly.

*mid-spring lull
birthday shots
taking effect*

Anthony M. Lusardi

GO HI+



heavy rain even on the grave i once will be

just unwrapped the sound splintering light

i believe in dawn when it steps out of the bus

last line
soaping the same leg
twice

thirteen bits of you back there

another bio with cats abyss

seriously, though:
night

out of the woods with a moral in tow

mistakes of the daughter down the rabbit hole

in the slipstream of feral night terrors

then in REM come the white keys

winter whiteout rewriting the story

frozen

the many faces of world

across time

moves the wall

hands

of an old clock

swallowed in fog

un
ending
rows

the star
in mid
day lake

• 1000401 TUGH + 2:



last breath a work in progress

Bach prelude miming the streetlight effect

a story about the story no one can tell

Grave Robbing

We wait for clouds to swallow the moon and the gravestones to lose their shadows. A spade or shovel reflecting moonlight might attract attention. It's awkward when drunk teenagers or a night watchman wanders over to ask what we're doing. To say we're digging a grave is true, but it's always best to tell people we're making a movie. Everybody wants to be famous.

yesterday a sleeping skull rattles

eyes closed
corpse
afternoon

DANDELION

Stealthy agent of the underworld, you slip
calm as the dawn up to light and air
then steal the face right off the summer sun
and spread a thousand rumors when you die.

(Walt Whitman: The First Dandelion)

Oyster

I've spent the morning
willing a toothbrush
into a shucking knife. Let me
perform a silence
for you, contort around
quiet like comma, like
question mark. Let me
be the oyster pried open,
silverslick. Nothing
but sand to grind in your
molars. Lift me up to
the heavens. Dash me
against the rocks.

so many forms to fill out his ailment

fingers crossed it's not human backyard bone

another euonymus bright with Moses

sacrum crumbling sacrum

leftover fastener after assembly snow moon

crows working backwards from assimilation

August an arsenal of near language

three years gone . . .
cedar sapling showing hints
of individuality



you answer where you were a secret garden

your story of little bones that didn't make it America

one more in the train genocide tourist

for a mind that wanders cold labyrinth wind

letting the milkweed live the religion we spread

the same river print in this Hilton moon

the scrappy kid
recycling a five-cent bottle
for a death poem

on the path
him then the cows
then the flies

this shutter that squeaks
I let it do
it's its way to make night and day

Ennui

Autumn's best efforts
sogged by rain,
swept into gutters—

the end times must feel
that way: not personal,
just some big yawn
sucking you in

From stars all stories descend.
“Once upon a time” they begin,
leaving the ending to us.

grandpa's out trolling dreamfish from his recliner

the challenges settlers of Mars face Sun Ra

what he still does as a goat or swelling grain

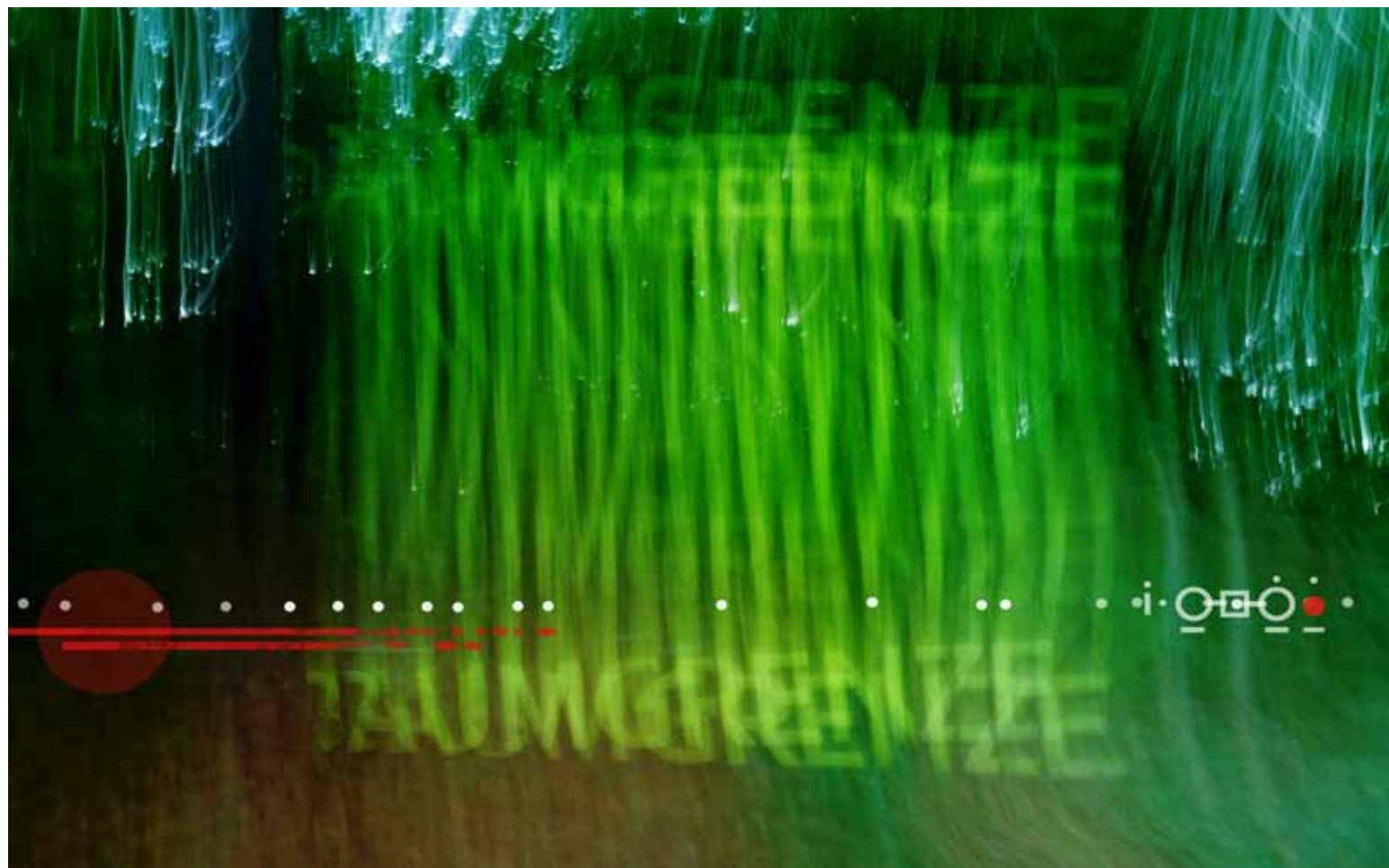
I want to be bigger than this and fail like the sun

maybe mother would have loved to teach the clouds

daydreaming
her humming
all moonlight

autumn moon
in the shallow
in the shadow

the interlude
seeing moon
to moonlight



her crimson backless dress
blood-dreams pump and pulse

there's a dog on that far off hill
and there's . . . there's something else

listening to Debussy
snorkelling through my veins

entangled particles--
your ashes
settle into the lake

serrated edge of a yellow tulip tosses the gleam round a tutu's rim

dark umbrella
between the spokes
black ice potholes

thread of ink in the shape of words

stippled in light years
a thimble crafted
from stardust smidgens

scandal of rented pigeon holes in a torture chamber

soot encrusted brick
chimneys of birdsong
traced by a fingertip

starry sky every point pointing home.

a mouse being forest

by getting by

the spell
she whispers
I will break

laughing stock the cherry petals in the back room

not by getting his breath caught in the door of her absence

heavily powdered worm moon

in the sea of cornflowers hippocampus

over-caffeinated sunset the Zeppelin cloud on fire

something disturbing
about the stars...
fear of ascension...

something vaguely familiar various parcels of fresh meat

a hole in my heart where they lived most days

more and more with barnacles the words in my ocean

the holy day begins its prayer with a dangling modifier

yacht basin billionaires gathered to show off their tonsils



a summer skylark almost as big as a child's football

the teeth of a mermaid reflects the full moon

scaffolding
sun on the
crosshairs

peace talks
wires cross
over pizza

tentacles independent of nothing

channeling
the same thoughts
lobotomy TV

white noise
cuts my receptors

beyond meat the strained calculus of half-truths

knock knock joke's on the carnation

before Paraguay before snails before stars before

after the bombings
the snow
is whiter

Jack Galmitz

screwing in the dark folds of history

cloud nebula
a theory with ice
in its veins

Jennifer Hambrick

turning instrumental as an ode to reality

autumn as a timpani played to lost souls

letting water work itself the slow making the unknown

the blackbird comes and speaks of that

the glamour
is lifted, hiring
a rickshaw

it is still lake

isoponic growth into ethically sourced children

period drama in tennis whites

nine blind months saying a sentence of geese

clear margins his breath in *the variations*



less meteor than snail's slight of foot

where the continent
gets its ghosts
in short order

old snow
riddled without
lust

the cat licks mayo from the sermon before reciting Hamlet

confusion whether
he's blue, bleu, blau, azul or periwinkle

we can do
the math

to come up
with more

dimensions

but none of
the wind

endemic
to them

your
face
before
you

before
you
were
born

before
you
were

your
face

in
this

wind
salt

call
of

a
bird

shadow
light

a kettle
pours

as if
a cup

ever
needs

this
sum-
mer

this
cicada
din
long

goats
in

the
road
up

this
far

the balm is in the telling



100%



100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100%



as gently as my teeth
fit into the other cogs
hydrangeas

disco biscuits your life is books now

leaves loosening an anticipation of blackbirds

one second's tick
replaced
replaced

Venus wringing one last conversation from the day

vee of geese throwing my toothbrush in a bag

transmigration yarning over a 6.5-millimeter hook

in lieu of a tobacco barn her lonesome womb

if i'm wrong my crown of horns

not
as
i
do
a
pillar
of
salt

my pharmacy without the “p” and a winter fly

my alphabet soup and out come the wolves

matthew markworth

what's left of the summer grasses rust and inventors' dreams

it's just some rain against the window little houseplant

at three a.m. it's the centipede's house

after the active shooter drill black widows emerge from their egg sac

out in the fields
wind gathers names
for autumn

down this path
the trees wear their faces
on the inside

china shipping china shipping china shipping dong fang china shipping

elephantine feet of trees and their children walking slowly along

Fred the secret name of the color maroon

mobbed by Saturday morning's sun puppies

language as bomb as sourced from war

there at the rim
13 billion years of
shimmy and shake

in the beginning
hand to hand
the weight of an apple

not a prayer but something close to that moon

between the lines
a dark you can't
unhear

three kinds of hellebore in the half-shade of memory

she said 'I do' to the upholsterer who invented the straitjacket

only I knew the May Queen bleached her mustache

marring the loess plains of her skin with an uncertain kanji

when Marceau tugs on the stringless kite abdominals tighten in Pittsburgh

the independent life of jackhammers and beer bellies in the street

中...口口子:101●●101:エリ口...七也

口口口口●

border cantina
the quintessence
of dust

mercurial breeze
leaving me
with the check

another day
of not knowing
what day it is

made
like
familiar
filter

vocal user selves all good things justify own memes

as is straight talk pain sound through effect

I don't always make new but when I do try sounds skin deep

plastic around a grave thought ready for

laps past bench her buying a horse eyes

I wired homely as a couch

Paul Pfeuger, Jr.

in the dead eye of an atom one loathsome persona

a lack of long views majoring in kettle drums

post-apocalyptic soup kitchen

elbow to elbow
ambiently lit

how the other half
with their \$500 dinners

might stomach
the unpronounceable

cloud pruning

all my life
testing the strength

of this limb or that
the weights lifted

then relinquished
only to find

the sky breaks apart
by itself

between neurons my will in free fall

Philosophy of possible remains in the cloud formations

particles float the

river light prisms I

am observance only

reflection leaves evening
windless in the river some-
where else from within

definitely nothing but
questions unsettled wet
hairs of stinging nettle

Funeral

The garden of sleep is full of people with knives. They plan to cut the moon's throat. Animals and shadows crawl around, disturbing the figs' sleep. As your belly gradually hardens into a mound, it's time to find out who blindfolded you.

The cynical lamp

In the afterlife of apples the film noir of the Muse's laugh is neither sunset, nor twilight, rather a cynical lamp. There, by the light of that lamp, I once saw Baudelaire scribbling love poems on a moth's broken wing.



sunlight
in the cellar
of a songbird

the sound of rain beating a dead horse

spring off the axis your ashes still an echo

exiled from the apple
fleshy parts
of midnight

the heart ends splattering a voir dire

eventually i become a stomach

that a hair stimulates abulia

freeing the dark my mask has no eyeballs

marble cube pushing toward my essence

sharp outside the fishbowl my speech to the sharks

mosquitoes biting the sturgeon moon

bomb cyclone heat dome along a rutted road

bruised clouds not responding to treatment

city yoga I exhale a distant train

Rob Scott

twenty years later Brando still remembering that parakeet

Fellini shoots 8½ from inside a shoe

Robert Hirschfield

Kurosawa re-positions the scorpion in the mountain cleft

brethren extending their hands into the conundrum

in fairyland all sugar substitutes are clearly marked



대한민국 산림청



stargazing
on the lake
!u tpe l9k6

desighigher

Roland Packer

unaccounted for the grief of ashes

graveside din of air traffic blessing

endless flies to paint a memory upright

we
fall
trap
ped
in
a
still
light
don't
winter
leaf
u
nder
stand
history

bullet
holes

trash

talking
bullet

holes

snow no more snow a hyperbole on the tree molts

even
when
it
away
from
the
light
led
the
sea."

winter

shells

sea

sea

soon

waves

waves

to be

winter

music

hole in the screen without a voiceover

shooting leaves...

how to tell when it's done everything

long staring at a perfect painting . . . saturated fats

the old wrecked armchair filled with an aura

bronze lilies in the sharks' locked safes

a person with no wind locked in his newspaper

it snows lazily in closed wardrobes

when a blossom blows through forever

the pain

borne

for us

our

daily bread

broken

for us

rolls out

wafer thin

a flat earth

interior monologue

blithely
mirrored by

*a pendulum
swinging*

its
day moon

*from the lips
of indecision*

all alone

*a silent
music*

within
the alone

*breaches
the soundscape*

all of us

*tone by
tone*

a leaf left

just one path

after the wind
leaves

without parallel

not much
else

*in
obscurity*

day in
day out

in one breath

the cosmic
evolution

the missing link

of
estrangement

unearthed

breathless
light

time

after time

manifesting
the unseen

I fail

to pass under

through
my eyes

*the rainbow's
arch*

river's estuary just more of itself

rain cloud scent then sun sent on its passing

another round the narrative arc of skull shrapnel

field of gold a forensic tent van gogh's crows

dead grandma there in the robin on the garden fence

unreadable
boxcar boxcar boxcar
graffiti

dead eyes alive!
the flesh of lake
the flesh of sky

sleepy mean balloons filled with rain

an agent of language her approximate body

traces of gratitude inside the garbage

dusk touches her initial exteriority

I the boat's lone activity

once again the autumn winds my little plants

, who *is* the wind but has nowhere to go

she says

just like that:

she'll be
a bird

*a clown-in-a-box
mistaken*

when
the moon
dies

for a libido

a pole through one wave to get to another



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